for wormes, but Ile go ſearch the market

Pand. Three or foure thouſand Chickeens were as pretty a proportion to liue quietly, and ſo giue ouer.

Baud. Why. to giue ouer I pray you? Is it a ſhame to get when we are old?

Pand. Oh our credit comes not in like the commoditie, nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our yonths we could picke vp ſome pritty eſtate, t' where not amiſſe to keepe our doore hatch'd; beſides, the ſore termes wee ſtand vpon with the gods, will be ſtrong with vs for giuing ore.

Baud. Come, other ſorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we. I, and better too, we offend worſe, neither is our profeſſion any Trade, it's no calling: bnt here comes *Boult.*

Enter Boult with the Pirates, and Marina.

Boult. Come your wayes my maſters, you ſay ſhee's a virgine?

Sayl. O ſir. we doubt not.

Boult. Maſt er, I haue gone through for this peece you ſee, If you like her, ſo; if; not, I haue loſt my earneſt.

Baud. Boult, ha's ſhe any qualities?

Boult. She has a good face, ſpeakes well, and has excellent good clothes: thers no farther neceſſity of qualities can make her be refuſd.

Baud. What's her price, *Boult.*

Boult. I cannot be abated one doit of a thouſand peeces.

Pand. Well, follow me my maſters, you ſhall haue your money preſently: wife, take her in, inſtruct her what ſhee has to do that ſhe may not be raw in her entertainment,

Baud. Boult, take you the markes of her, the colour of her haire, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity, and cry; He that will giue moſt, ſhall haue her firſt. Such a maiden-head weare no cheap thing, if men were as they haue bene: get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance ſhall follow.

Mar. Alacke that *Leonine* was ſo ſlacke, ſo ſlow: *Exit.*
He ſhould haue ſtrucke, not ſpoke;

Or

Or that theſe Pirates, not enough barbarous,
Had not ore-boord throwne me, for to ſeeke my mother.

Baud. Why weepe you pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Baud. Come, the gods haue done their parts in you.

Mar. I accuſe them not.

Baud. You are delight into my hands,
Where you are like to liue.

Mar. The more my fault, to ſcape his hands,
Where I was like to die.

Baud. I. and you ſhall liue in pleaſure.

Mar. No.

Baud. Yes indeede ſhall you, and taſte Gentlemen of all faſhions. You ſhall farewell; you ſhall haue the difference of all complexions: what, de'ye ſtop your eares?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Baud. What would you haue mee to bee, if I bee not a woman?

Mar. An honeſt woman, or not a woman,

Baud. Marry whip thee Goſling: I thinke I ſhall haue ſomething to doe with you. Come y'are a yong fooliſh ſapling, and muſt be bowed as I would haue ye.

Mar. The Gods defend me.

Baud. If it pleaſe the Gods to defend you by men, then men muſt comfort you, men muſt feede you men muſt ſtirre you vp: *Boults* return'd,

Enter Boult.

Now ſir, haſt thou cride her through the market?

Boult. I haue cried her almoſt to the number of her haires,
I haue drawne her picture with my voyce.

Baud. I prethy tell mee how doeſt thou finde the inclination of the people, eſpecially of the yonger ſort?

Boult. Faith they liſtned to me, as they would haue hearkned to their fathers Teſtament. There was a Spaniardes mouth ſo watered, that he went to bed to her very deſcription.

Baud. We ſhall haue him heere to morrow with his beſt ruffe on.

Boult.